

# SALUTE TO CHINA

As the fate of Burma hangs in the balances, and the grim shadow of dire events falls across the gate of India, the clash of the three great peoples of the East must set any man thinking. They make up half the world, and though now they fill the front-page headlines they stand strangely apart from the modern world so familiar to us all.

Japan plunged deep in barbarism and endowed with all our scientific powers; India brooding over her ancient past, rapt in thought, melancholy, waking up, and on the threshold of impressive events; China in grim earnest, oldest and biggest community on the face of the earth, mysterious, introspective, yet in line with the Democracies and stirring with the consciousness of freedom and immeasurable power: the madman from the beer cellars of Munich has brought them all into the life-and-death struggle of mankind.

## Fifty Centuries Ago

Never was a more vivid witness to the unity of the human race, and the essential federation of the world. No longer can a nation stand alone. The thread of life that links us with the far-off past and the illimitable future binds us also to each other. The world is one in time and space.

*For mankind are one in spirit, and an instinct bears along,*

*Round the earth's electric circle, the swift flash of right or wrong.*

Ancient and modern, east and west, white and brown and yellow men, all are meeting now, and it is worth our while, in this hour when China is fighting for its life with us, to set aside an hour or a day in our minds to contemplate the wonder of this marvellous people. It is not a bad thing for the mind to have its flag days: let this be our China Day, for never were men fighting for freedom more valiantly than the Chinese.

It is a wonderful thought at this time that five thousand years ago there were only two empires that are still empires today, India and China. Egypt, Babylon, Assyria, Carthage, Greece and Rome, Spain, the Goths and the Huns and the Franks—their magic wands that swayed vast regions of the earth have lost their power or vanished in the dust, but India and China remain, the two chief nations of the world if we count heads only, and both at the turning of the tide of destiny.

## China's Influence on Our Life

China is the oldest and biggest State on earth, fifty centuries old and covering three million square miles, a quarter of all Asia. She has been speaking the same language on the banks of her rivers for five thousand years. She was a civilised country when the people of our Island were painting themselves like savages. She was making beautiful silks centuries before we heard of silk. She has been swept by tyrants, torn by dynasties, ruled by hundreds of emperors, has suffered unthinkable calamities, but has survived. Do we wonder that one of our great soldiers declared that the day would come when the Chinese would be masters of the world?

How many of us realise that China, far off and remote from us all, has woven itself into our lives and ideas? She was greatly affecting our ways of life, was preparing the

visible glory of our royal pageantries, when two monks brought out of her strongly guarded frontiers a bamboo cane with the eggs of the silkworm hidden inside it, and so gave silk to Europe. Her furniture, says Laurence Binyon, gave ideas to Chippendale, her pottery captivated the mind of Western Art and set all Europe at China's feet. She was making beautiful things ages before the thought of beauty began to dominate our lives on this side of the world.

The Chinese love of flowers was the inspiration of the wallpapers that have for so long decorated our own homes. Her simplicity of art comes from a deep love of birds and flowers, and through it she has, says Mr Binyon, expressed a philosophy of life in the work of sixteen centuries of gifted artists. Long before our great painters found their inspiration in the beauty of the landscape the Chinese had found it; they knew Nature as part of their consciousness of the continuity of all life. To them "man was not the centre and hero of the universe," but just one part of it, and so it is that in Chinese Art the figures on the stage have never dominated it, but have been merely a part of the whole.

## Their Great Teachers

Perhaps it would seem to most of us that in all this there is something of the mystery of the East which makes it remote from life, but indeed it is not a thing apart, but an intimate relationship to Nature and the soul of all things living. The fine poetic mind of Mr Binyon sees in the finest Chinese vase something transcending the world of sense and speaking in some secret way to the emotions of the spirit. Contrasting this with the spirit of their enemies today, we are compelled to realise that in a world of true values the Chinese are on Mount Olympus with the Japanese wallowing in the mire.

ALL too little we know of this marvellous race which has come down unbroken through the distant corridors of Time. Shakespeare is three centuries from us, Alfred twelve, Caesar twenty, Moses forty; but Fo-Hi is fifty centuries away, and he was the founder of the Chinese nation, the Divine Labourer who launched this great people on their way through history. He discovered the value of herbs and taught agriculture. He knew the use of salt in preserving food. He was the first metal-worker. He gave the Chinese houses instead of caves and huts, and taught them to express words in diagrams.

Thousands of years passed before there came on to the stage of China the more familiar teachers whose names we know. Before Christ and before Socrates came Lao Tse, the scholar who left his library and went out into the world urging the people that they should all become as little children, taking no thought for the morrow but growing like the grass; the secret of government, said he, was to leave men alone—which is still the faith of our great Individualist Sir Ernest Benn.

## Their Way of Life

Confucius was teaching the next generation the Golden Rule, begging men to be virtuous for virtue's sake and not for reward. He loved the idea of the family and started in the life of the Chinese the thread of filial piety which has never since been broken. He stopped the burial of the living with

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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Inland 1d  
Abroad 4d

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE



**Young  
China**

**Three little  
ones of the  
Great Republic  
of the Far East**

Continued from the previous column  
the dead. Mencius, who followed him in a hundred years or so, believed in free trade, low taxes, sound work, and good roads, and went about to the courts of kings begging that they should act so as to be welcomed with joy wherever they went.

Buddha it was who, five centuries before Christ, brought the spirit of melancholy into China. A royal prince, he left his palace, saw the evil of the world, and made up his mind that man is born with foolish desires which he should destroy. When a man wishes for nothing, that is his grand time; let us all be filled with the desire not to exist.

## The Little School Cell

With such philosophies of life the Chinese people have made themselves what they are, learning not to do, but to be. For thousands of years their success in life depended on education, on the fate that befell a student in the little examination cells which stretched in thousands at the corner of every city. He was searched before he went in, was guarded by soldiers and allowed a little rice and meat and a stove, and he wrote four essays, in which a single error laid him low. So he was trained as an individual, as a living part of a living whole, responsible to all

his line of ancestors and to his descendants, anxious for his family, jealous of the mark he was to leave on the future.

SURELY it is the way to live, to be ourselves and not a cog in a machine. It is the Chinese way which has given them survival power longer than any other race that has ever been. They live on very little, yet are strong. They have no overpowering ambition, yet will die for China. They will carry the heaviest loads, endure appalling hardship, and submit to barbarity without flinching. They are reliable, sociable, industrious, humorous, and good neighbours to all.

In all the fighting nations there are no braver men, no more devoted women. In numbers they are unsurpassed. In simplicity they are unequalled. In age-old tradition they are the masters of us all. Let us strive not only to be proud of them but to be worthy of them, for they march with us to the final conquest of the powers of darkness, a glorious company, the flower of men, with fifty centuries of life behind them and an illimitable future before them. The long, long past is theirs, with all its wonder; the future we shall share with them, brothers of this deathless race and of all who will be free with us, and faithful to the end.

Arthur Mee



## THE UNITED NATIONS Two Out of Three of the World's People

It was last August that Mr Churchill and President Roosevelt made to the world a joint declaration of purposes and principles, which has come to be called the Atlantic Charter.

This programme led to a proclamation at Washington by 26 nations, formally accepting its principles and pledging themselves individually to employ all their resources in a common struggle against the Barbarians.

How many of us could write down the names of the 26 united nations? In the original document the founders of the Atlantic Charter headed the list of signatories, followed by Russia and China, the rest following in alphabetical order, from Australia to Yugoslavia. In cases like that of Poland, where the Government is in exile, the signature was given by the representative of the exiled Government.

To begin with the United States, her great area of over 3,000,000 square miles has a population of 135 millions, of whom about 14 millions are Negroes. This great area contains in plentiful supply most of the important raw materials needed to make her great in peace or war, but through the Japanese victories she has lost, as we have, her biggest supplies of rubber, tea, and tin.

The second signatory is the United Kingdom, which now contains nearly 50 million people on its tiny area of about 94,000 square miles, a curious contrast to the figures of America.

Still more striking is the comparison with the third signatory, Russia, with its area of over 8,000,000 square miles, more than two and a half times that of the United States, with a population which may be now estimated at over 190 millions, a very great section of the world's people. The area is even more varied in climate and products than the United States, for it ranges from the Arctic to warm regions in the south where cotton is grown. The variety of Russian resources is remarkable.

The fourth great nation subscribing to the Charter is China, the statistics of which can only roundly be estimated. Her population may be put at 500 millions if we exclude the dependencies, and the area at about 2,000,000 square miles. China also has fine resources, many of which are not yet fully developed.

It should be understood that the British Empire is not a signatory as a whole; the self-governing Dominions, India, and the United Kingdom ranked in the Declaration as separate nations.

## The Rise of a Staffordshire Boy

PEOPLE who buy their own houses through building societies have lost the best friend they ever had in Sir Enoch Hill.

He was a Staffordshire boy, born at Leek in 1865, and at six years old he used to turn a wheel which gave motive power to silk-winding frames. Then he became a mill boy, a newsboy, and at last a journalist on a local paper, which he eventually controlled.

He became secretary of a building society in his town, and was at last made manager of the Halifax Permanent Building Society, the biggest in England.

so that the 26-nation agreement contained the signatures of five British nations, the United Kingdom, Australia, Canada, New Zealand, South Africa. Here they are, apart from India, in point of area and population:

COUNTRY	POPULATION	SQUARE MILES
United Kingdom	50,000,000	94,000
Australia	7,400,000	3,000,000
Canada	11,500,000	3,730,000
New Zealand	1,800,000	103,000
South Africa	11,000,000	473,000

But, of course, sympathy with the United Nations extends throughout the British Empire, with its population approaching 500 millions and its area of about 13,900,000 square miles. It should be noted that the population of South Africa is chiefly composed of Natives, the whites numbering only about 2,000,000.

We have not space to give details of all the small American republics who account for nine of the 26 nations; they are Costa Rica, Cuba, Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Domingo, Honduras, Nicaragua, and Panama. These Republics have an aggregate population of about 15 millions and an area of 280,000 square miles; only a small minority of their peoples are of European descent. We may now pass to the remaining White States who are signatories. Here are their particulars in brief:

COUNTRY	POPULATION	SQUARE MILES
Poland	35,000,000	140,000
Czechoslovakia	15,400,000	55,000
Belgium	8,300,000	12,100
Holland	8,250,000	12,600
Greece	6,600,000	49,000
Yugoslavia	16,000,000	97,000
Norway	2,900,000	124,600
Luxembourg	300,000	1,000

The 26th and last signatory was India, about whose peculiar position as a nation nothing can be said here. The population is roundly 400 millions and the area 1,805,000 square miles. It is true to say that the sympathies if not the immediate practical help of the enormous Indian population is with the other 25 nations that have been mentioned.

If we take the population of the whole world as roundly 2300 millions, we see clearly that the United Nations include between them about two out of every three people in the world.

Its assets were then one and a half millions; in 21 years they had increased nine times, and today they are ten times greater still, £125,000,000.

Such was the achievement of this man of great vigour and noble character. When they gave him a testimonial fund of £5800 on his retirement four years ago he gave it all to charity. He owed his success to an unwearying zeal in doing whatever he put his hand to, but even more than that to his honesty of purpose and his devotion to the spirit of self-reliance.

## Little News Reels

A THOUSAND new trains a day have been put on for war workers since the war began.

Our planes are faster, go higher, and are better armed today than at the time of Dunkirk.

*Civilian airgraph letters to the Far East are to be started soon. Half a million of them can be carried in place of one human passenger.*

Red Indian tribes in British Columbia are organising concerts and bazaars for an Indian Spitfire Fund.

*America is planning the biggest fleet of submarines in the world.*

ALL the LMS holiday camping coaches are on war service, doing duty as Home Guard posts, temporary homes for dockers, and in other ways.

Canada is planning to supply us with 50,000,000 eggs during this year.

*The world of medicine has suffered a heavy loss by the passing of Sir Thomas Oliver, who gave years of his life to studying the welfare of those engaged in dangerous trades.*

Plans are now in hand for the rebuilding of Coventry Cathedral; the walls and the tower will stand.

A Buckinghamshire lady celebrating her 102nd birthday telegraphed in the same week her congratulations on her son's golden wedding.

## Scout News Reel

PATROL SECOND LESLIE HATELEY, aged 15, of the 3rd Middleton Scout Group, has been awarded the Gilt Cross for rescuing a six-year-old boy from drowning in a static water tank.

Redcliffe Scouts have raised £75 for their local Warship Week.

*American Scouts serving in the US Forces in this country are cooperating with British Scouts; recently some of them attended a Northern Scout Conference.*

THE local hospital, a soldiers' recreation centre, and the Red Cross Fund, have all benefited from the proceeds of three concerts given by the 13th Middlesbrough Scout Troop.

Wolverhampton Royal Naval Old Comrades Association is to help the local Sea Scouts by providing instructors in naval subjects.

## The Battle of The Nest

We hear of a hen partridge defending its nest against an inquisitive magpie somewhere in Kent. The two birds were prancing round and round each other and darting in to attack like boxers in the ring, and neither took any notice of an observer who crept to within half a dozen yards of them.

## THINGS SEEN

A barrowful of tulips in a Piccadilly shop window.

A West End newsman chasing a piece of brown paper.

Six jackdaws pulling wool off sheep's backs in Hyde Park.

## Look & Listen Before You Cross the Road

## Two Davids of Madagascar

THE great two-day adventure by which British forces took possession of Madagascar will live in history. To the CN it brings to mind another great adventure on this marvellous island, an event of 140 years ago, when two young Welsh Davids (David Jones and David Griffiths) landed in Madagascar carrying the good news from Galilee to the Malagasy folk.

THEY, like the British forces, faced great odds. The long journey up from the coast to the capital of Tanarive was an adventure which meant mountain climbing and river-wading, and when David Jones finally settled in the capital he found the king unfriendly.

But the young missionary wisely began with the king's children. He opened a school for them. He began to translate the Bible and taught himself how to use a printing machine. He little knew how well he was preparing for the future.

For after the young king, who had become David's friend, there came the cruel Queen Ranavalona, who wished to stamp out Christianity. She ordered all the missionaries to leave unless they could do something practical for her and her people. Could they make soap, for instance? James Cameron, one of the men at the mission station, stepped out and offered to make soap. In two weeks he produced a bar of soap, much to the queen's astonishment. That won peace for the missionaries for a few more years, but at last, in the middle of last century, the great persecution of Christians began.

The story has often been told, and today, as Madagascar looks back upon its troubled past and faces a stormy future, it is for them a story of courage and resolve. These heroic people were thrown from cliffs, tortured,

and murdered, submitting heroically to this persecution rather than give up their faith. They lived in caves and wandered in forests as exiles. The little Bibles David Jones had translated and printed helped to keep their faith alive.

Then came the French to Madagascar, and easily won the island as their possession. In the central province they established cities, built great roads, and brought much that is fine in French civilisation. But to the north and the south Madagascar remained much as it was. Little villages tucked away in the immense forests with houses built of thatch and wood are the main dwelling-places.

The little handful of British people on the island is bravely carrying on with its work. Many missionaries now have to trudge miles on foot through forest tracks because there is no petrol for their cars. There is no paper to print the Bible and none for school exercise books.

But life goes on. One young woman missionary writing home not long ago said: "I'm well, have all I need, and am allowed to work." She lives alone forty miles from the nearest neighbour in a hilltop house. Most of her journeys have to be done on horseback through the forest, yet not once has her horse been stolen, and not once has she been molested. The Malagasy recognise goodness when they see it,

## On the New Road Into China

THIS first war news from the new road into China (the Assam-Burma Road) has come from the Daily Telegraph's war correspondent, writing in a jungle camp near the Naga Hills, the home of head-hunting tribes; and a thrilling story he tells.

Wounded are arriving from Burma by lorry, unshaven, dirty, ragged, but with a cheerful spirit that makes one forget the bitterness of retreat. One is proud to be of the same race as men of such endurance and uncomplaining courage. Many have been fighting for five months, short of supplies, often outnumbered and surrounded, fighting or marching day and night.

I talked to a major in the Inniskillings who, with eight men, was captured at Yenangyaung. Japanese, who pretended to be Chinese, made the agreed recognition sign, and when our men crossed the river to meet them handed out hundreds of cigarettes. Suddenly an officer produced the Japanese flag and said in broken English that they were prisoners.

All were shut up in a room about 20 feet square, where their sufferings from the heat were terrible. There was a machine-gun nest in the room below. After 24 hours an attack by British tanks set fire to the house, and all escaped in the flames and confusion.

To reach this frontier rest-house our car has twisted and

climbed through some of the world's most majestic scenery and penetrated through dense snake-infested jungle with vistas of distant mountain barriers.

I could appreciate fully what great work has been accomplished in widening the road into a life-line for our retreating forces. Thousands of coolies by the roadside seemed to represent every local tribe. Supervising them were tea-planters (half of whom seemed to be Aberdonians) wearing varnished coconut shells as tops.

The road surface is partly metalled and surprisingly good. In some places it is 50 feet wide. We passed a full dozen of tractors that had gone off the road embedded in the river mud, one lorry hanging half over the cliff-edge, and another with a broken axle. But nothing stops the traffic. The convoy must go through.

Military lorries pass long-haired pygmy tribesmen or Assamese wearing conical straw hats. The almost naked foot passengers we passed carried, as sole luggage, bush-knives or spears. The favourite equipment of the coolie seems to be an umbrella.

In a wayside rest camp of bamboo matting huts the correspondent met General Wavell and had a long talk with him, a talk full of confidence that our troops were approaching level terms with the Japs and would beat them.



## Much Ado About Nothing

FOR several seasons Jenny Wrens have reared little families in pretty nurseries within the friendly shelter of an old ivy-clad outbuilding down on a farm.

A few weeks ago nest-building began again in real earnest, but when it was partly finished the nest, for some reason or other, was abandoned. The foundations of another homestead were laid and also left unfinished. A third took shape, and yet a fourth.

The wrens had gone to work with feverish activity, but, having accomplished so much, seemed to lose all inclination to

add the cosy lining and to finish the job in a workmanlike manner.

Two uncompleted structures collapsed, and there is no promise of the others being touched again, for the plump, mouse-like birds seem to have forsaken the outbuilding for good.

Possibly a trespasser on their preserves interrupted the builders, or perhaps a more suitable site for their pretty nest was found elsewhere.

Anyway, all the fuss and bother, the fetching and carrying of materials, the eager planning and building have come to nothing.

## DRINK MORE WATER

A timely warning has been given, to children especially, not to get too parched after exercise.

All the cells of the body need to be well watered, and when the mouth is dry the cells are dry also, and it is then that children and young people become most susceptible to the particular virus poison that attacks them more often than grown-ups. So, says the expert, drink plenty of water and keep the virus away. The expert adds that rather unexpectedly the virus of one disease in particular meets greater resistance when the body is under-nourished than when it is well fed. But plenty of water is a preventive.

## The Tadpole and the Goldfish

NATURALISTS have been recalling the sad mishaps that have befallen London goldfish, some snapped up by herons and kingfishers, and one ignobly done to death by a duck.

In one pond we know with goldfish in it the eggs of invading toads and frogs have at times hatched into dizzying multitudes of tadpoles, some of which have from time to time managed to effect a lodging on the side of one of the fish, clinging tightly and, week after week, travelling wherever the unwilling host has taken its way through the water. Some of the fish have had one tadpole attached, some two, until the

larvae have dropped off full fed. Until then there was no release for the goldfish from their discomfort.

Here, then, has been enacted a sort of inland version of the legendary act of that strange sea fish the remora, which attaches itself by the sucker pad on the top of its head to a ship, a shark, or to another fish, and goes sailing the seas with its captive, who cannot shake its remarkable passenger off any more than Shihbad could shake off his Old Man of the Sea.

## HULLO, KOMISI!

From far-away Samoa comes news that Komisi wishes to have eight-shillingsworth of C.N.

Komisi is a pupil of the Leulumoega Fou Boys High School at Malua, in Western Samoa, and he has won a prize of eight shillings in a local competition. This money was sent through the London Missionary Society with the request that it be placed to Komisi's credit and used to keep his name on the C.N. subscription list for as long as the eight shillings would last.

The C.N. sends greetings to its new subscriber and to the staff and pupils of Leulumoega Fou Boys High School.

## SAY SHIBBOLETH

Japanese spies, who attempted to pass the American lines on the Bataan peninsula, either in American or Filipino uniforms or otherwise, had to run the gauntlet of a language test. The Japanese have difficulty with the letter l, usually making it into an r, so the Americans pick a passport with a lot of l's, like Lollapalooza.

The Bible has a precedent for such a test in the Book of Judges. After the defeat of the Ephraimites by the men of Gilead under Jephthah, the victors held the passages of the River Jordan, and when a fleeing Ephraimite would deny his identity the chronicler describes the procedure as follows:

*Then said they unto him, Say now Shibboleth: and he said Sibboleth, for he could not frame to pronounce it right. Then they took him and slew him at the passages of Jordan; and there fell at that time of the Ephraimites forty and two thousand.*

## THE EGG BASKET

We hear of a lady at Crewe who has dispensed with her bicycle and takes a long walk to her work because a blackbird has made its nest in the shopping basket she had fixed on the cycle. There were three eggs in the basket, and one had hatched out when we last heard, the mother bird coming each day to feed the little one.

## PILE UP THE DUMPS

The scrap-metal drive is in full swing. County by county the dumps are being cleared.

If your local dump remains, do nothing about it, except to make it bigger, for its turn will come. All cannot be cleared at the same time, but a definite plan is being followed, covering three or four counties at a time.

A special appeal is being made to schools to help with the great scrap-metal drive, and it is even suggested that there are many school playgrounds in which a corner could be spared for a temporary dump if no other suitable place is available.

So go to it, boys, for the appeal is specially addressed to you.

## THE TASTE OF A PEST

Among pests which have grown particular about their food is the potato beetle, which was comparatively harmless till it was introduced to the potato. This fact is mentioned by Dr Neil Stevens when pointing out that the effort to drive out one pest will sometimes bring in another, and that plant breeders must always be prepared to find that parasites have a way of disastrously changing their food habits.

For example, the very pestiferous corn-borer was till 30 years ago known in Southern Germany only as a pest of hemp and hops. Having introduced itself into a field of corn, it has since then taken to no other food and will not look at hemp or hops when near a cornfield. Yet it had known hemp for 4000 years, and German corn for a short time.

## SEEDS OF BEAUTY

There is hardly a city in England with more battle scars than Hull, victim of repeated Nazi attacks.

All over the city are gaping holes, piles of rubble, unsightly areas. But it seems likely that here and there Hull is to have beauty for ashes as the result of a happy thought from Surrey, for a lady has sent Hull some packets of flower seeds, saying in her letter: "These are to help to brighten bomb-scarred Hull. Give them round."

## In Yellowstone Park

VISITORS to Yellowstone Park in America come away with a fellow-feeling for the animals at the zoo.

Every evening at seven, when the grizzly bears come down to the hotels to be fed, the humans who want to see the fun are herded into a big pen in the middle of the feeding grounds!

At one hotel 150 bears come nightly to feast off the scraps and left-overs. Lately a mother bear and her two cubs have been attracting much attention, for



*Blossom Time in Gloucestershire*

## THE UNKNOWN FRIEND

Someone living in Cardiff and happening to be in Bournemouth lost a number of unstamped letters and postcards not long ago.

These must have been found and duly stamped by an unknown person, for they were promptly delivered in Cardiff.

The writer wishes to thank the rescuer of the letters. It was an act worthy of the highest traditions of the Boy Scouts, though how many Scouts have enough pocket-money to indulge in such good deeds?

## Romantic Rubber

While chemists are pushing forward with their manufacture of man-made rubber, attention is being given at last to the latex of the Russian dandelion Kok-sagyz, which has been used for some time now in the Soviet in place of rubber latex, with a good deal of success.

Seeds of this remarkable dandelion have been flown by air to the United States, and will be planted there, and the dandelion cultivated for rubber-making. It will then be possible to make direct comparisons between it and the synthetic rubbers now being turned out in thousands of tons.

Artificial rubbers have been greatly improved in the last year or two, thanks to strenuous research by scientific men in Europe and America. The synthetic rubber known as Ameripol equals natural rubber in six different properties, actually excels it in four properties, and is only slightly inferior in three. It is made from petroleum, soap, natural gas, and air, and the splendid progress achieved with it is of the greatest importance owing to our loss of Malaya.

## THE HUXTER'S SHOP

Does any reader of the C.N. know a poem beginning with these lines, and if so will he or she send a copy of the poem to the Editor? It will be noticed that the less familiar spelling of the word huxter is used.

*Not far from Brentford town  
A widow lived named Goody Brown,  
Who kept a huxter's shop,  
Where girls and boys might purchase toys,  
As a kite, a hoop, or a top.*

## There Is No Permanent Wave

HUMAN hair has one thing in common with the wool of other higher animals, it is composed of Keratin molecules.

So says Dr W. T. Astbury, who has been examining all kinds of fibres—cotton, silk, and wool, under X-rays; and he adds that toenails and hooves are of the same stuff, which has the valuable property of being elastic. That is why a curly hair, when pulled straight, springs back to its original position when released, and not even the genie in the Eastern fable could ever hammer the curl out.

These Keratin molecules are arranged in regularly folded chains, which straighten out when the hair is pulled, but spring back to their folded form when released. A "permanent wave" can be put into them for a time when they are stretched or deformed in hot water or steam, but sooner or later the chains get back to their original setting. Dr Astbury's X-ray photographs show how it all happens.

There is, therefore, no permanent wave that the hairdresser can make.



## The EDITOR'S TABLE

### POPPA GANDER

FROM Washington comes this saying of a little boy who climbed on his mother's knee the other night for a bedtime story.

*Mummy, why is it that we children in America learn all about Mother Goose while the boys and girls in Germany only hear about Poppa Gander?*

For Poppa Gander read Pro-paganda.

### This Kind World

SOME West Country allotment-holders had a pleasant surprise when they went into their gardens the other evening.

There, on every plot, was a neat bundle of sticks, the very things for staking peas. They had no idea who placed them there, but felt extremely grateful for the thought which prompted the action and saved them much time and trouble in getting sticks themselves.

Later the truth leaked out. Their kind friend was the Council workman, who, while paring the hedges, thought he would put all the sticks he cut to good account by passing them on to the busy gardeners, knowing full well they would come in handy.

### Our Lawn-Mower

By the Driver.

MANY things were wrong before the war. Many things are wrong still. Many things will go on being wrong for a long time.

But surely one of the things that could be put right is our lawn-mower, a jolly little motor machine which runs merrily along cutting the grass as it should do, and spluttering dirty oil all over everywhere as it should not do.

We have tucked a tin collar round the exhaust pipe and it now catches the spluttering oil, so that the mower is kept clean, our hands are kept clean, our temper is kept smooth, and many hours of labour are saved for winning the war.

But why sell a spluttering, oil-spitting thing without a trap for its exhaust?

## Thinking About a Wasteful Habit

It has been said that good often results from things which are in themselves bad. Reports that smoking has been reduced by about twenty per cent since the Budget price increases show that at least one good thing has come from what the newspapers referred to as an additional burden.

The good thing is not so much that many people have been cured of a bad habit, but that the majority of smokers have at last been forced to think about the habit. Thousands who have always claimed that they could stop smoking whenever they wished have discovered that it is easier to make claims than to carry them out, but, forced to cut down by high-prices, they have had to use their will-power. That, at a time when war conditions are often blamed for slackness, is another good thing.

MANY smokers, having got to the point of facing the truth about the tobacco habit,

### The Deserted Village

A REASON for not lamenting too deeply the deserted village has been put forward by Professor J. B. S. Haldane. He thinks the flight from the village to the town has had a good effect on the physical wellbeing of the population by weeding out inherited weaknesses.

While people lived and died and intermarried in the same small village weaknesses and defects were inherited and were continually cropping up; whereas when they moved from the village to the outer world and found new ties there these defects tended to die out. But this excellent result depends also on the healthy conditions of towns—and the wiping out of slums.

### JUST AN IDEA

*In the keen fight that awaits youth, somebody has said, there is no place for brains made dull and fingers made clumsy by alcohol.*

have realised how much money they have wasted in the past and have decided to make a stand. Even a moderate smoker has been spending five shillings a week on tobacco, £13 a year, £130 in ten years, nearly £400 in one generation of 30 years. What could be done with £400 to make old age a little more comfortable!

Tobacco is not often blamed for poverty, but the calculations of a Kent farm labourer who has decided to give up his pipe show that he, like many others, has been unnecessarily poor. This man has been smoking half an ounce of tobacco a day for many years, and at the old price of 1s 4d an ounce this meant that 4s 8d a week was going up in smoke; as the man himself now says, "enough for a new rig-out for the whole family once a year."

IN his search for more money the Chancellor may have helped us to check an unhealthy, wasteful, and not a very clean habit.

### For Tomorrow

*Mr Eden has reminded us in a great speech that Peace is not a negative thing, the mere disease of War, but Security that must be fought for and sustained by ceaseless struggle.*

GIVE us, O Lord, a vision clear, A star in our dark sky, That we in days of grief and fear May humbly walk thereby.

Give us a shining vision, Lord, Of nobler things to be:

A world without a naked sword, A friendly company;

A brotherhood of nations bound Upon some stirring quest, As knights of Arthur's Table Round

Went forth to seek the best.

O may we think of peace as some Far greater, harder fight,

A high crusade in days to come, A challenge to do right.

A challenge—and a chance to build

A happy world so fair, That life shall be as God has willed

For all men everywhere.

Then peace shall be no listless thing,

But vigorous—as flame, And men shall dare and strive and sing,

And live with loftier aim.

H. L. G.

### Time to Wake Up

A HAPPY little thrust at tire-some speakers and preachers appears in the last article written by Dr Edward Lyttelton, who, as Headmaster of Eton, had experience of both. What does the audience do when it ceases to listen to a sermon, he asks, and replies that the answer was given by a rustic, who said, "Well, ye see, I like to hear him a-go'in' on when I wakes up."



### Confirmation

Girls of the A T S arriving at a village church somewhere in south-east England to be confirmed by the Bishop of Woolwich

## THE CLOTHING EXCHANGE

ONE of the biggest problems of the war, so far as mothers are concerned, is finding clothes for their children. Boys and girls often wear out their clothes much faster than grown-up folk, and the result is that up and down the country are thousands of mothers almost at their wit's end to know where to turn for children's clothes.

It is not always a question of money; it is a question of coupons. Once a child has either worn out his coupons' worth of clothing, or grown out of his little suit, what is to be done to keep him neatly dressed?

One answer, at any rate, comes from Ewell in Surrey, where a fine idea has been put into practice. It was begun last October, and already nearly 2000 articles have been exchanged.

For exchange is the beginning and end of this notion, which is nothing less than a Children's Clothing Exchange. It serves local needs admirably. Anyone with fairly satisfactory garments out of which children have grown take them to the exchange, and as schoolboys love to swap this for that, so at the Ewell Exchange clothing changes hand on the basis of coupon values. No money is paid, but one garment rating at, say, ten coupons may be exchanged for perhaps two worth five, and so on.

There seems no reason why this idea should be confined solely to children's clothing, for in these days dishes, pots and pans, and even sheets and blankets and household linen, might well be exchanged to advantage.

## The Cat That Would Not Go

DEAR EDITOR, We have a beautiful grey cat, gentle, graceful, and affectionate, but she killed one of our pure-bred chickens, and this was a fatal error. She was condemned to death and I had to be the executioner.

Much against my wish I put poison in a piece of meat and gave it to the cat. But to my surprise she just smelt it and refused to eat it! Then a friend, an old colonel, who has a small farm about ten miles out, high up in the mountains, offered to take the cat. He is a great lover of animals and took the cat in a sack in the back of his car. But three weeks later the cat was back again, and now she is the pet of the family once more, and has endeared herself to us all by her wonderful feat.

What is this homing instinct in animals? How could this cat

have possibly found her way back, as she had been tied up in a bag and could not know where she was taken to? First the way was through several streets in town, then along a stretch of six miles of tarred but hilly road up and down to the small road leading to the farm in the mountains, through several gates, along a tortuous road that even we found rather difficult owing to the many cross-roads and side-roads. We asked our way, but do cats talk together? It remains a perfect mystery to me.

Dr S. J. D. ESSER,  
Rustenburg, South Africa.

## A Patriot and His WASTE-PAPER Are Soon Parted

## Under the Editor's Table

ITALY has been flying her flags in celebration of Empire Day. By some oversight the flags did not fly at half-mast.

PARATROOPS are being used more and more in this war. We thought they were dropping off.

THE war is a race, declares a writer. The Italians do the running.

TAILORS turning out Utility suits are so busy that we hear they are turning out customers.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If our airmen are taken up with their work

AN artist has exhibited his pictures in a cart. But didn't draw the cart.

Dogs are wanted to guard aerodromes. Airedales and Skye terriers?

THIS is a people's war, says a speaker. But what of the dog fights in the air?



## The Old Stones Speak in the Broken Church

THE rubble has been cleared away from the open spaces once covered by so many of our ancient and beautiful buildings.

This time last year Goering's Ghouls were raining fire on the architectural treasures of London, as they have since been doing in quiet old towns like Bath, Exeter, Norwich, and York, where they do not expect to find much opposition.

This month last year a land-mine, falling at night in the heart of the City of London, utterly destroyed, among other jewels of building, the ancient Dutch Church in Austin Friars.

In this glorious Tudor store-house of memories were treasures which could be and were taken away to safety, a collection of letters from Erasmus, for example; but the old chalk-filled walls, the carved roof, the lovely screen and pulpit, had to remain and take their chance. A tragic chance it turned out to be.

And yet something is left. Ever since Edward the Sixth gave the grand 14th-century church to the powerful Dutch trading community in London, far greater than in modern times, Hollanders who lived and worked in London have been laid to rest in this old church. Their names and deeds were commemorated in stone tablets in the floor, and many of these can now be deciphered again. Some have been cracked, some badly damaged and scratched; some are still obscured by the dust and dirt; but most of them are legible, and tell a romantic tale.

### Famous Dutchmen

For here are names famous not merely in Holland but in our country too; families which founded branches here and have flourished as British families. Great divines, splendid and generous merchants, lawyers, doctors, scholars like Erasmus himself, who preached here, live in these quaint and charming inscriptions.

In an age of tyranny, when Spain still held the Dutch in her grip, these Dutchmen were free, and founded the great empire which we shall set free again from the barbarous Japs, as we shall free Holland from the Nazis.

They fought for religious and social liberty, these Dutchmen

who lived and traded in Britain. Our own merchants sometimes quarrelled and disputed with them, and there were times when our two nations went to war; but even then we did not treat with harshness, much less with cruelty, the Dutch folk in our midst. Nor did the Dutch treat their own British residents cruelly, even when passions rose to high anger.

### The Unknown Benefactor

Then, as now, both nations prized freedom and civilisation more dearly than life itself. Then, as now, they set their faces against all forms of racial and religious discrimination.

Mr Jan Rus, the Koster (or Beadle) of the Dutch Church, loved every stone of the ancient fabric, and we may hope he does not grieve too much over the destruction of what is gone while so much remains of significance in those venerable tombstones. When a very wealthy Londoner died not long ago Mr Rus had a remarkable story to tell of him.

This Londoner was of Dutch descent, and loved the Dutch Church. He made a pact with Mr Rus that he was to be told of any case of need which the Koster cared to bring to his notice, and he helped them all. But there was one strict condition which was never broken until the old man died.

*Nobody was to know of the secret bounty of old Henry van den Bergh.*

Well, you may say, this sort of thing, happily for the credit of mankind, is not so unusual as all that. True. But this was a Protestant church, and its needy were Protestants all, and Henry van den Bergh, their generous friend, was a Jew.

Perhaps the stones spoke to him. He very surely expressed the spirit of those whose manly virtues they recounted.

## CARRY ON

### Charles Lamb to Youth

COULD the youth to whom the flavour of his first wine is delicious as the opening scenes of life look upon my desolation and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is when a man shall feel himself going down a precipice with open eyes and passive will, it would be enough to make him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth in all the pride of its mantling temptation.

### GROWING OLD

THE years that bring us knowledge Bring griefs that make us grey, And cares in summer weather, And wintry fears in May. But they bring us nothing, nothing, Worth the youth they take away.

Earth is but clay, and Heaven A mirage over all, And now, those gracious spirits That once I held in thrall— No spell I weave can bring them, And they come not though I call.

Lost is the charm that round me, Where'er my steps might range, Once drew from earth and Heaven All glad things sweet and strange: Are earth and Heaven altered Or is it I that change?

Arthur St John Adcock

### If We Could Know All

THERE is a suffering which purifies, raises, and strengthens, and in which one can see the Crown as well as the Cross, but where there is no crown visible it is terrible even to see suffering and must be intolerable to undergo it.

My own belief is that if we could know all we should understand everything, but there is much in the world that cannot be explained without knowing what came before life and what is to come after it, and of that we know nothing, for faith is not knowledge. All that we can do is to take refuge in reverence and submission.

The abyss is unfathomable to those who stand upon the brink, and I fear each of us who has to descend into it must find for himself or herself on what ledges a foot can be placed; and the path by which one can find his way is not always that which is practicable for another. I have been through that which would make it very easy for me to die, but that path is no use for anyone who has to die and wants to live.

Lord Grey of Fallodon

### THANKSGIVING

For the wealth of pathless forests Whereon no axe may fall; For the winds that haunt the branches, The young bird's timid call; For the red leaves dropped like rubies Upon the dark green sod; For the waving of the forests, I thank Thee, O my God!

For the rosebud's break of beauty Along the toiler's way; For the violet eye that opens To bless the new-born day; For the bare twigs that in summer Blossom like the prophet's rod; For the sweetness of the flowers, I thank Thee, O my God!

Lucy Larcom

## He Met Francis Drake in the Street

THE Dragon that our Seas did raise his Crest And brought back heaps of gold unto his nest, Unto his foes more terrible than thunder, Glory of his age, after-ages wonder, Excelling all those that excelled before; It's feared we shall have none such any more; Effecting all he sole did undertake, Valiant, just, wise, milde, honest, godly Drake. This man when I was little I did meete As he was walking up Totnes long street.

He asked me whose I was? I answered him.

He asked me if his good friend were within? A faire red orange in his hand he had, He gave it me whereof I was right glad, Takes and kist me, and prayes God bless my boy: Which I record with comfort to this day. Could he on me have breathed with his breath His gifts, Elias-like, after his death, Then had I been enabled for to do Many brave things I have a heart unto. I have as great desire as e'er had he To joy, annoy, friends, foes; but twill not be.

Robert Hayman

## The Lord is My Rock & My Fortress

*David spake unto the Lord the words of this song in the day that the Lord had delivered him out of the hand of his enemies.*

The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer; the God of my rock: in Him will I trust:

He is my shield, and the horn of my salvation, my high tower, and my refuge, my saviour; Thou savest me from violence.

When the waves of death compassed me the floods of ungodly men made me afraid.

The Lord thundered from heaven, and the Most High uttered His voice.

He delivered me from my strong enemy, and from them that hated me.

Thou art my lamp, O Lord; the Lord will lighten my darkness.

I will give thanks unto Thee, O Lord, among the heathen, and will sing praises unto Thy name.

### TWO IDEAS

WILBUR WRIGHT's idea of the plane had been that it should bring peace to the world; the Hitler idea was that it should smash Europe to bits.

Arthur Mee's Immortal Dawn

### On the Green Bough

FENCE thou from off the dining street A little realm of pastoral air; Keep but a green bough for his feet And God shall send a blackbird there.

## Wellington as Napoleon's Relation

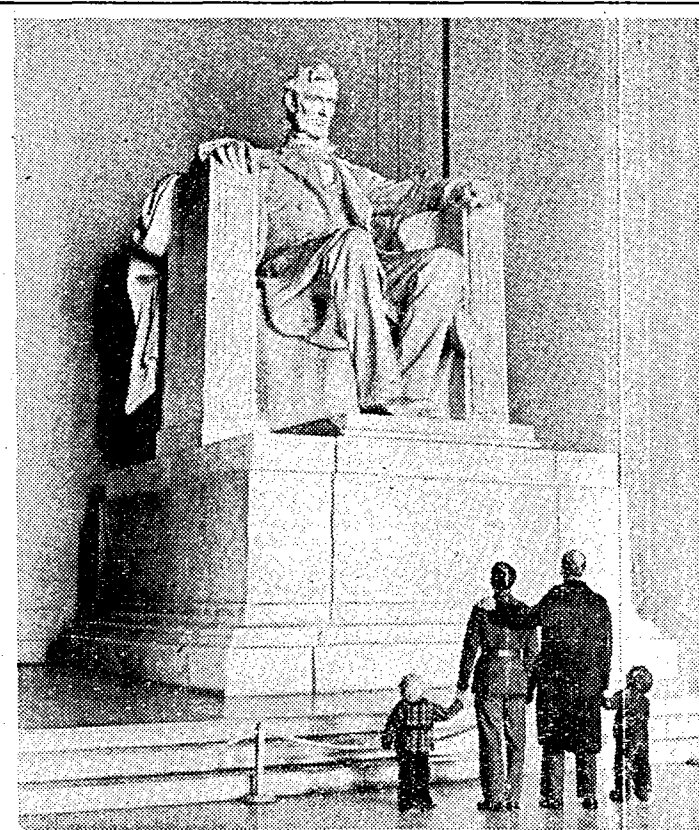
WE hear often today of Canadians marrying in England, of Americans marrying in Ireland, and of Britons finding life-partners in the United States and elsewhere.

During the four years of the last war many of our countrymen brought French wives home with them, while German wives accompanied some of the men who had formed part of the British Army of Occupation of the Rhine after the war.

But in all this there has been nothing so strange as the marriage links which associated Napoleon and his fortunes with the land he feared and hated. He and Nelson each married a wife from the West Indies, the Empress Josephine being a daughter of Martinique, and Lady Nelson the young widow of a doctor in the island of Nevis, but there is something more strange than that.

On the very day in 1798 when a French force landed in India to drive the British out, there reached another Indian port a new Governor-General, Marquis Wellesley, who, assisted by his younger brother, Arthur, the future Duke of Wellington, completely crushed the French hopes.

It was then that there began the struggle of nearly 20 years against Napoleon. Wellesley foiled him in India, Nelson at Trafalgar, and Wellington in Spain and Portugal. Wellesley, on going to India, left behind him a French wife, and, she having died, he married again, his second wife being Marianne, the beautiful young widow of Robert Patterson of Baltimore, whose sister Elizabeth had married Jerome Bonaparte, Napoleon's brother, who was to become King of Westphalia. Wellesley thus became brother-in-law of Napoleon's sister-in-law.



Abraham Lincoln

Three generations of Americans stand in reverence before the statue of the great President at Washington



## Cornwall Loses an Ugly Thing

WE were standing on the iron-walled cliffs of North Cornwall, looking down coast, writes a correspondent. One of us came from up-country. It was an indescribable sight, one of those rare scenes that ever linger in the mind.

There were the great headlands, wild and rugged, jutting out into the lonely waste of waters; the waves hurling themselves against the ramparts with angry thuds of passion, tossing up silvery sprays of hissing foam that leapt and fell like cascades, broiling over the rocks, here and there, willy-nilly.

The gathering gloom, the silence of the cliff-tops, the restless billows down below, the cry of a belated night-bird winging its lone flight over the turbulent ocean, homeward bound—all were awe-inspiring.

"It was worth the long journey to see this," one of us said, as we feasted our eyes on the spectacle before us. Then the visitor from the north lapsed into silence. Evidently he was greatly impressed. This was his first glimpse of the Cornish seaboard, and he was seeing it in one of its most majestic moods.

Turning away at last, he dropped from the sublime to the ridiculous, so to speak.

"Can't understand," said he, "where all the bedsteads come from."

"Bedsteads?"

"Yes, iron ones. Why, they're everywhere! I've seen scores of them today. Filling gaps in hedges, forming fences, and obstructing trespassers and stray-

ing cattle—why, every field has a bedstead or two."

It was too true! A collector of bedsteads would have no difficulty in compiling a unique collection of every conceivable type if he spent a few days down West. Ornamental, plain, curved, single, double, dumpy, lofty—the beautiful West Country hedges hold them all in abundance! Some are antiquated, rusty, disreputable; others still retain an air of respectability.

Farmers and smallholders are the chief offenders. "A cheap and substantial fence," a farmer told me when I commented on the number of iron bedsteads on his holding. "Besides, it is the only thing they can be used for after they have done service indoors."

Only a few days ago, in a suburban district of new houses, I counted five hideous bedsteads dividing a flower patch from a tiny lawn, and in the background was another row!

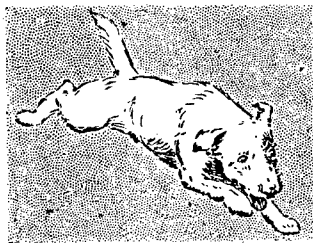
However, we are glad to hear that there is now every likelihood of Cornwall's green and pleasant country being cleared of these hideous sights once and for all, for a vigorous scrap-metal drive in the Duchy has begun, and over a thousand old iron bedsteads have been collected and sent to the war factories. Hundreds more are being removed from the hedges of field, road, and lane.

And when the war is over, and we all flock westward again, we shall see a glorious landscape no longer defiled by Cornwall's old iron bedsteads.

## BEDTIME CORNER

### Toby Breaks a Promise

Toby had always wanted a puppy for his very own, and on his birthday he had a lovely surprise. Daddie came down to breakfast with his coat bulging and a funny squeak coming from inside.



"Oh, isn't he jolly!" he cried, as Daddie brought out a soft white puppy. "Is he really for me?"

"Yes," said Daddie, "but only on condition that you look after him properly."

"Oh, I will," cried Toby. "Of course I will. I promise."

Toby called the puppy Spot because he had a black spot over his eye, and they became the greatest of friends.

One morning the postman brought a picture book for Toby from his uncle who was away in America.

"What luck! It's half-holiday today," said Toby. "We'll go in the park, Spot, and look at this jolly book."

Spot wagged his tail; he

loved a run in the park, and soon they were off.

It was a wonderful book; every page was more interesting than the last, and soon Toby forgot everything else.

It was all very well for Toby, but this was not Spot's idea of a half-holiday.

Once or twice he rubbed his nose against Toby's knee to try to attract his little master's attention; but Toby did not notice. Then Spot flicked his ear and trotted off by himself.

The afternoon went on, and it was only when a school friend hailed him in passing that Toby looked up. And then he found it was nearly teatime! And he found, too, that Spot was nowhere to be seen. Spot was lost, and Toby, unhappy, went slowly home.

Daddie was angry, and went at once to the police station to give a description of Spot to the officer, so that he might keep a look-out for him.

Toby lay awake long after Mummie said Good-night, and before anyone else was up next morning he was dressed and downstairs, ready to hunt for his puppy.

He opened the front door quietly, and there, shivering and looking ever so miserable, was Spot. When he saw his little master he wagged his tail and gave a little bark.

## 5-MINUTE TALK FROM AN ARMY CAMP

### The Little Book

FOR the second time in my life I find myself in the Army; and before I left home this time I rummaged about in my old leather curio-box, and to my delight found a little book about the size of a pocket diary.

The khaki-linen cover, smeared with the stains of old campaigns, bears the red triangle crest of the Y M C A, and inside the cover is a facsimile of Lord Roberts's written message to the men who fought in the last war.

I am reading now from this same New Testament which brought me comfort and help when I fought in a foreign land nearly a quarter of a century ago.

### An Ever-Present Friend

I remember that these pocket Testaments were given away free by the Y M C A. I got mine in a tumbledown Arab reed hut near Basra, the port of Sindbad the Sailor, where the Y M were selling limejuice in a shade temperature of over 100 degrees; and from then onwards (so convenient was it to fit into a haversack or a tunic pocket) it accompanied me to the sweltering cantonments of the Indian Deccan, to the Punjab and the stark, grim massifs of the North-West Frontier; to Mesopotamia, where stand Bagdad, the Garden of Eden, and Hit from whose bitumen pools Noah got the pitch to waterproof the Ark; and where flies, mosquitoes, jackals, lizards, locusts, scorpions, sandstorms, fevers, and a thousand and one other troublesome things are to be found.

So this little Testament is one of the most travelled books in my library, and wasn't it a job to read it by the light of the camp-fire, the barrack-room lantern, and sometimes by the ghostly light of the desert moon!

Oh, yes! We did read it. Bobs' words proved to be true. This is what that great soldier wrote:

"I ask you to put your trust in God. He will watch over you and strengthen you. You will find in this little book guidance when you are in health, comfort when you are in sickness, and strength when you are in adversity."

I find these words equally true and significant today, in another and more cruel war.

### The Little Patriots

The children of Bergen were ordered to attend a Hitler Youth exhibition the other day, but instead of going into the hall they marched past the door singing the national anthem and shouting "Long live the King!"

All were arrested except a tiny six-year-old who had been overlooked, and the little fellow darted up to a policeman and shouted, "Long live the King! I want to be arrested too!"

We hear of another little patriot who was sitting with his mother on a bench in the waiting-room of a prison.

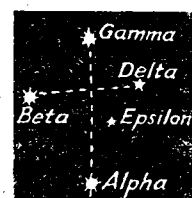
A German guard passed by and patted the youngster on the head, but the little one drew back, shouting, "Go away, you nasty German!" The German turned to the mother and asked, "How old is your son?" "Three," she replied. "Only three years old," mused the Nazi, and already a Norwegian!"

## THE SOUTHERN CROSS

### A National Emblem in the Heavens

THE Southern Cross, writes the C.N. Astronomer, is a famous constellation which we in Britain never see, but which is often pictured, as, for example, on the Flags of both Australia and New Zealand and on their postage stamps. Those of Brazil have also shown this stellar group and as long ago as 1889, but it appeared on a stamp of New South Wales in 1888.

No other constellation has been so honoured, and it so happens that just now it is possible to picture it quite realistically as it appears in the sky. That is by means of the constellation of Corvus which, with the star-map, appeared in the C.N. of May 16. When Corvus is due south, which is now at about 10 p.m., the Southern Cross is also due south, but about as far below the horizon as Corvus is above it. So if we were observing from about as far south as Bombay or the West Indies we should see the Southern Cross appearing just about the same area of the sky. Their exact relative proportions may be seen by comparing the star-map of the Southern Cross with that of Corvus, the stars Beta and Delta of Corvus appearing only very little farther apart than the stars Alpha and Gamma of the Southern Cross. It thus becomes quite easy to visualise this constellation in the place of Corvus.



Chief stars of the Southern Cross

But Alpha and Beta of the Southern Cross are both first-magnitude stars. Gamma is second, and Delta third magnitude, so it is a much brighter constellation than Corvus. Epsilon, the fifth star of the Cross, is of only fourth magnitude and rather spoils the effect of a cross, which in any case is not nearly so effective as that of the Northern Cross formed by the stars of Cygnus.

In the Flag of New Zealand this star Epsilon is omitted, and also from New Zealand's Silver Jubilee postage stamps. In the case of Australia all five stars are included, and each may be regarded as representing one of the five states of the Commonwealth—New South Wales, Queensland, South Australia, Victoria, and Western Australia; but it will be noticed that Tasmania is not included.

Mercury. In the article in the C.N. of May 2, this planet's surface temperature was given in error as 35 degrees instead of 350 degrees centigrade.

The Southern Cross was not devised until between three and four centuries ago, its stars having been previously included with those of Centaurus and inscribed thus by Ptolemy, the famous astronomer of Alexandria from 127 to 151 A.D. The constellation of Centaurus was a Greek conception representing Chiron, yet it is very probable that these stars of the Cross once formed the missing Prow of the great ship Argo, which was a far more ancient constellation than Centaurus. It is curious that only the Stern half of Argo has been indicated by the stars for upwards of 2000 years.

The stars of the Southern Cross are themselves of much interest. Alpha being composed of two pairs of immense suns known as Alpha Crucis 1 and Alpha Crucis 2. The suns of Alpha Crucis 1 radiate together about 900 times more light than our Sun and whirl round one another at terrific speed in a little under a day. The pair of Alpha Crucis 2 are smaller, radiating about 560 times more light than our Sun and revolving like the other pair very close together and in a similar period. Both pairs are composed of super-heated suns enveloped in helium, and are at an average distance of 220 light-years.

### Giant Suns

Beta is a giant sun radiating 1500 times more light and heat than our Sun, and is 272 light-years distant, while Delta is 192 light-years distant and radiates about 170 times more light than our Sun; we thus gain some idea of their immensity. Gamma appears to be still more immense and of the "giant" reddish type.

Between 6000 and 8000 years ago the stars now forming the Southern Cross could have been seen from what is now Britain, but then they most probably formed (together with those stars which later on composed Centaurus) the great constellation of the complete ship, Argo, the Ark. G. F. M.

Mercury. In the article in the C.N. of May 2, this planet's surface temperature was given in error as 35 degrees instead of 350 degrees centigrade.

## The Withered Oak on the Old Church Tower

EVERY schoolboy knows King Charles the Second avoided capture by hiding in an oak, and many children still observe the tradition by wearing a sprig of oak in their buttonhole on the 29th of May—as if such a king was worth celebrating.

Most of the old customs associated with the event have gone, but down at St Neot, the tiny old-world Cornish village, a curious ceremony which probably began at the Restoration has been strictly observed all through the years as Oak Apple Day has come round.

St Neot is a remote, half-forgotten village on the fringe of the Cornish moors, and the observance is more or less of a parochial affair, inasmuch as few people living beyond the boundaries know anything about it.

In the early evening villagers troop into the woods and cut the biggest oak branch they can find, and amid much jubilation the branch is brought home like the

traditional Yule log and hauled to the top of the church tower, where it is erected by being firmly secured to iron stays provided for the purpose.

The branch remains up aloft for 12 months, when, all brown and withered, it is thrown away and replaced by a new one. Many visitors to this ancient grey-walled church, famous for its beautiful 15th century glass windows, come away with the impression that an oak tree is actually growing on the tower, and, as a matter of fact, in a book entitled "What do you know about Cornwall?" the queer question is asked: "Do you know that an oak tree grows on the top of St Neot Church tower?"

The explanation of this queer celebration of a dissolute king in an English church is that an old man left a legacy for the purpose generations ago, and it seems that, however odd a custom may be, it will survive until people grow tired of it and think it too silly to continue.



# From the Lonely Spaces of Australia

## GREETING FROM DAISY BATES

*It is a continual pleasure to hear from the C N's old friend Daisy Bates, who writes from her tent on the border between Barbarism and Civilisation, spending her days in ministering to the comfort of the oldest race on earth, the Australian Blackfellows, over whom she has been watching for nearly fifty years; and at night, as she tells us, often stealing out of her tent to walk under the stars and pay homage to Magellan's Clouds, in which the souls of these primitive people are supposed to repose when they pass on.*

*We take these few passages from letters lately received from Mrs Bates, who lives and moves as Milton did, "as ever in the Great Taskmaster's eye."*

I HAVE been like Brer Rabbit, lying low, but am all right again, and have been looking at some Australian papers and one or two home ones.

I read of the New Order that is to be, and in all the articles I miss the recognition of the Old Order of our Island that began with our consciousness. Alfred, the Conqueror, and their successors established New Orders as time went on, and as each ruler passed England took the best from his New Order and absorbed it. We need to make that New Order which has made England what she is. Bring back the Bible in its best sense. Free our language from the vulgarities that have crept into it. Establish the old and simple moral code.

The world of today, with all its conglomerates, is shaping and trimming and noisily exploiting its various ideas of a New Order, but steadily and quietly through it all for us must run the simple faith and honour and fine ideas that have made our Empire. No other country can set up an Order to equal this; no drilling or planning, but the development of the free life of every man and woman will bring out the best that is in them in the new and hard world that will come with victory.

We need no New Order in our Empire unless it is based on the old and ever-new Order that has grown up from our first consciousness.

### A Treat for the Old Folk

We must get back our personal dignity of body and mind and speech, and see that no impurities enter the little minds of our children through the pictures.

I want to tell you of a lovely thing that happened the other day. In my mail bag was a cheque I had never dreamed of, and so I was able to have packets of tea and sugar and flour and supplies of potatoes and onions and jam and sweets and tobacco for all my old folk. I wheeled my go-cart to the siding (the most primitive siding in Australia) and brought back two 50-pound bags of flour and sundries, and we had a happy time, reminding me of the feast we gave the royal duke who passed through Ooldea in the twenties. With us were old friends who were there at that time, and our little party brought back their best memories.

I hope this will reach my beloved C N, great and fine friend of our Empire. Bring back our old country to her old ways, and pray God to save the Empire and restore what she has lost.

My war service is the guarding and keeping of these poor human derelicts, and the joy of doing it is my great reward. I do my own daily tasks, but I know that if I desired it these old souls would bring me firewood or do me any service any time. One may come looking troubled, and a drink of tea, a piece of bread, and a little talk will bring out what grievances she may have in camp, and I can easily adjust this later. In my go-cart I wheel down my weekly supplies from the railway, and God gives me the day's strength to do these little tasks.

### Magellan's Clouds

I usually get up, in the small hours to see God's Handiwork in the starry heavens. You have never seen Magellan's Clouds, perhaps, but I can see them all the year round. These dear people when they die are supposed to go up to Magellan's Clouds, and I love to look up to them and pray that they may have peace in their heaven. The last man to go told me that when he was going to die the great cloud would stretch out to take hold of him and all the clouds would brighten to receive him.

It is sad that as soon as these old men and women cease to contribute to the camp food, owing to their failing strength, they are abandoned by their kind and left to the dingo. One old woman was so left at Boonja Water, 60 miles north of my old camp, when I was there, and I sent her daughter to bring her to me if she was still alive. She arrived at my tent on her daughter's shoulders, they having travelled 60 miles like that. She was so emaciated that for many days I fed her with a spoon, and at last she was so glad to see me that tears flowed from her eyes. She is stronger now, and clings to her people and is able to move to and fro with them.

There is a dear little white child who waits for me whenever I go to Winbring for my mail. He watches for my coming, walks with me hand in hand, and we have good little talks. I should like you to realise the friendly spirit among us all, especially among the frail and old people.

### STORY

At a meeting of the RSPCA in Hull it was related that during a raid among the victims taken to the Dogs Home were a number of parrots, one of which, as soon as it was attended to and made comfortable, voiced the feelings of the citizens of Hull by calling out "Rule, Britannia."

## Our Wild Life

NEWSPAPER space is too precious now for us to see the daily record of returning migrant birds from abroad, but the wanderers are back again.

Birds and some insects come to us each spring, but animals must abide; with them there is no recruiting of numbers from foreign lands, and so we know fewer animals than used to keep company with our ancestors, for the number declines if it is not replenished from abroad. Deer we have, as we have always had, and the fox, the badger, the marten, and the otter retain their hold on the secret places of the country, tenacious as ever. But the beaver is gone, and the polecat and the wildcat are so scarce that it seems difficult to believe that their fur formed an important part of the clothing of our forefathers. Ireland had the wolf until two centuries ago, and the bear was once so general here that the Romans exported it to the arenas in Rome; it survived as a native of Scotland until the time of the Norman conquest.

Later it became the savage custom to bait chained bears with bulldogs in this country, and our James the First (Scotland's unfortunate gift to us) sat watching bear-fights managed by Edward Alleyn, the friend of Shakespeare who founded Dulwich College with the profits of his theatres.

## The Forbidden Eggs

Here is a cautionary tale for young town evacuees in the country.

A little child, entering her home in triumph, showed her father what she was carrying in her pinafore, exclaiming, "Daddy, I've brought you ten chicken's eggs," whereupon her father uttered a groan of horror and replied, "Partridge eggs! Take them back to where you got them; you may get me locked up and fined five shillings for each of those ten eggs!" The child returned her booty in vain, for the birds deserted the nest and the eggs were never hatched.

We must remember that it is a punishable offence not only to steal but to break eggs in the nests of pheasants, partridges, swans, wild ducks, teal, or widgeon. Any person on whose premises such eggs are found, on being proved to have knowledge of their history, may be fined five shillings for each egg destroyed. It is therefore not only cruel, but unlawful, to damage or carry away the eggs of these birds.

## WILLOW RUN

A YEAR ago Willow Run was a lazy little creek in America's Middle West, containing a few plantations of soya beans. At Willow Run today is the biggest room ever built.

It is more than half a mile long and nearly a quarter of a mile wide. It is a great aircraft factory built by the Ford Motor Company for the production of 30-ton Liberator bombers, and in this very month of May it is hoped that production will reach the rate of one bomber an hour, 24 hours a day! In two or three months' time 70,000 men will be working in the factory, and by the end of the year 90,000 men will be in full employment!

Only 12 months ago excavation of the site began, and four months later machinery for build-

## OLD WOODEN WALLS

FATHER THAMES is losing his wooden walls; but one, the cadet ship Worcester, remains anchored in a picturesque bay of the Thames. When peace comes and pleasure steamers restart, Londoners who go down to the sea will miss these quaint vessels, on which thousands of boys have learned seamanship.

Today many of those boys have become heroes of our Navy and Merchant Fleet. Commanding Gravesend Reach there stood for years, a hundred yards out from the Kent foreshore, the Cornwall, the "bad boy's ship." In one of the early blitzes the Cornwall's wooden walls were shattered by a near miss from a bomb. Quickly filling with water the ship heeled over, and there she lies, battered but proud, for all to see. There were no casualties, for the staff and the boys had been evacuated.

Higher up the river, at Grays, stood two training ships, the Exmouth, run by the L C C, and the Warspite, which began life 50 years ago as a man-of-war. Though she looks a typical wooden wall, the Exmouth is an all-steel affair. She has never been to sea. She was built as a training ship. Now she has been towed away for extensive refitting. The C N understands that she is now to serve "a useful purpose" at a naval base.

In another way the Warspite is helping to rid the world of

Hitler. In a well-known breaker's yard, not far from where she proudly lay at anchor for so many years, we found her—or, rather, what was left of her. She has become scrap, and little more than the keel remains; but as part of a more mighty ship she will soon go to sea again.

Alongside the Worcester lies the most famous of all sailing clippers, Cutty Sark, acting as auxiliary and making a fine companion for the Worcester, which prides herself on being the last wooden wall on the Navy List. Many famous sailors have trained on her. It was here that Admiral Togo, the Japanese Nelson, learned his seamanship, but we would rather remember that she turned out heroes like Evans of the Broke. Admiral Sir Edward Evans has frequently visited her, and he speaks in great affection of his cadet days.

Cadets on the Worcester are principally trained for the Merchant Service, but there is a Navy section, and the ship's inspiring captain, Commander Steele, V C, has returned to active service.

## To the Next Generation

The President of the Board of Education, Mr Butler, has been talking to the Boys Brigade and we take these passages from his fine speech.

THE struggles through which we are now passing will not be the last which your generation will have to fight.

We have waste places in our cities, great gaps in the lives of our young people, and emptiness in our spiritual life. All these deserted spaces need exploring with no less spirit of adventure than that which inspired the pioneers who ventured into the bleak solitude of the Antarctic, or the distant fields of the Colonies.

We have to carry out successfully the greatest experiment ever made by a nation in organising usefully its boys and girls. We do not want to compel you to do something particular, yet we cannot afford to let our young talent go to waste.

Shall I put it this way? The greatness of Britain is built up like a rope of many strands, coiled together so that they are so strong that when one strand

snaps the others hold the ship of State.

Do not neglect your Bible training. Our voluntary organisations form a coat of many colours; the thread which knits the quilt-like pattern together is the bond of the spirit. We must all be knit together in one fellowship.

When I think of our future I am very glad we are together in one great company. As our gallant soldiers, sailors, and airmen bring victory surely nearer, then the great adventure will only be beginning. We shall have to show that this country, with our small population, can produce within these shores sufficient boys and girls in the rising generation to take on the greatest mission that ever lay before any people. That is the mission of carrying forward the standards of our Christian civilisation.

## SWEETENS CHILD'S SOUR STOMACH IN FIVE MINUTES

Mother! You'll be positively amazed how quickly a little 'Milk of Magnesia' sweetens a stomach made sour and sick by too much rich food. 'Milk of Magnesia' overcomes the sour acidity the moment it reaches the stomach. That sick, ill feeling quickly passes away and in no time the little one is as lively as a cricket. Then 'Milk of Magnesia' moves the bowels and relieves the system of the offending bile and undigested food which have made the child ill. At the first sign of sickness just give 'Milk of Magnesia' and nip the attack in the bud. Get 'Milk of Magnesia' today and have it handy. 1/5 and 2/10 (treble quantity). Including Purchase Tax. Also 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets; 7d., 1/12, 2/3 and 3/11. (Including Purchase Tax.) Obtainable everywhere. Be quite sure it is 'Milk of Magnesia.'

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.



# The BRAN TUB

## REASON

DAD, mushrooms grow in damp places, don't they? Yes, my child.

I suppose that is the reason they are made like umbrellas, isn't it?

## How Many Officers?

IN a certain battalion of soldiers there were 650 men of all ranks. The square of the number of commissioned officers was equal to the number of non-commissioned officers and privates.

How many commissioned officers were there? *Answer next week*

## A ROMAN WAY

THE Romans had a curious way of guarding against diseases caused by climate. Each of their soldiers received a ration of vinegar sufficient for several days, and took a few drops of it in his drinking water.

## Jacko Goes to Town



HOMEWARD bound with some parcels he had been sent to town to collect Jacko had to negotiate a moving staircase at the Tube station. "I beg your pardon, sir," he said politely, as a long package prodded the back of a man in front. At the same moment there came a growl from behind. "Hey! You young varmint! What are you doing?" In stepping back Jacko's parcel had knocked flying an old gentleman's hat. He stepped back and trod on the toes of the man behind him. In the commotion that followed Jacko thought it wiser to slip quietly off home!

## THE NATION'S INCOME

**Boy.** When we talked of the National Income, you showed me that, if equally divided among our people, it would amount to no less than £500 a year for each family. As so many people have less than £500 a year it is clear that many must have much more than £500 a year, or there would be no poor. What I want to ask you is, how many rich and poor have we?

**Man.** A very difficult question to answer at present, for direct taxation of the well-to-do is now very high, so that a rich man has the greater part of his income taken by the Chancellor of the Exchequer to help to pay for the war. It is safe to say that the distribution of wealth is exceedingly unequal, and that the high tax levied on the well-to-do is a sign that the inequality is recognised by the State. The most convenient and most accurate measurement of rich and poor is revealed by the death duties, the taxes levied on estates when people die.

**Boy.** What does that reveal?

**Man.** The death duties are graduated so that a small estate pays very little, while a rich estate

## SIMPLICITY

WORKMEN were building a concrete tank to hold water for emergency use during air raids, and an old lady stopped to watch them.

Presently she turned to one of the men and asked, innocently: "But how do you know that the incendiaries will fall just here?"

## Shakespeare Sayings

WE burn daylight.

Merry Wives of Windsor, II 1.

I'll put a girdle about the earth in forty minutes.

Midsummer Night's Dream, II 2.

This was the noblest Roman of them all.

Julius Caesar, V 5.

Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would.'

Macbeth, I 7.

What a falling off was there.

Hamlet, I 5.

## APPROXIMATELY

A ZEBRA who found figures a bore

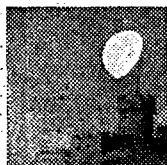
Once counted his stripes to a score.

Said he, "That means twenty, Which surely is plenty,

Though there may be just one or two more!"

## Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planets Mercury and Saturn are in the



west. Jupiter and Mars are in the south-west, and Neptune is in the south-east. In the morning Venus is in the south-east.

## Answer

THE visitor from town had asked so many questions that the farmer began to feel impatient.

"Why do you use such a heavy roller on your potato field?" was the next question.

"Well," replied the farmer, "you see, this year I am growing mashed potatoes."

## HIDDEN TREES

In each of the following sentences is hidden the name of a tree.

WE have booked rooms at the Hotel Metropole.

Will you do a kind deed for me this morning?

The man was a spendthrift without a doubt.

The busy movements of the bee charmed us.

The children went into the shop to inquire if iron hoops were sold there.

He climbed up the mast as high as the crossrees.

The unusual architecture of the building attracted much attention.

The field of rye waving in the wind made a pleasing spectacle.

He used to drop in every day for a short chat.

They began to hum a pleasing melody.

*Answer next week*

## The Boy Talks With the Man

the same sort of result is given us by the death duty figures, so that there is no doubt as to the inequality of the distribution of land and capital.

**Boy.** It appears then that we are a well-to-do nation, but that ill-distribution of wealth leaves the majority badly off?

**Man.** No, that is not a satisfactory summing-up of the situation. The truth is that ill-distribution accentuates poverty of production. We do not produce as many good things as we should. Haven't you noticed that the number of shops selling the best goods are really very few?

**Boy.** Yes, I have noticed that, but I am afraid I have not connected it with the extraordinary facts you have told me. Are things getting better?

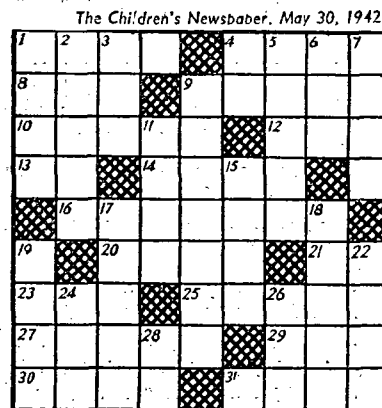
**Man.** Yes. There are signs of improvement, though we have a long way to go before we can comfort ourselves with the realisation of an Economic Democracy, concerned chiefly with the free production of wealth and its fair distribution. We are marching in that direction, and it is one of the things we are promised when the war is over.

## Cross Word Puzzle

**Reading Across.** 1 Church. 4 Celestial body. 8 Congealed water. 9 Weird. 10 Famous. 12 Wrath. 13 Doctor. 14 A general's secretary, partly. 16 Nourishment. 20 Slender. 21 Road. 23 Incombustible residue. 25 Musical drama. 27 Harsh. 29 Decay. 30 Outer part of wheel. 31 Small lake.

**Reading Down.** 1 Discover. 2 Fruit of the oak. 3 Suave. 4 Compass point. 5 One who perseveres. 6 Tune. 7 Bobbin. 9 Copies of a literary work published at one time. 11 Nobleman. 15 Deposit carelessly. 17 He shows the way into a cinema or hall. 18 Mistake. 19 Beech fruit. 22 A palm, also its fruit. 24 Where pigs are kept. 26 Before. 28 Royal Engineers.

Asterisks indicate abbreviations. Answer next week.



## Chance

THERE are more men who have missed their chances than men who have been missed by chance.

## Do You Live at Norwich?

THIS name is spelt in Domesday Book Norwic, and the meaning is the North Wic, or dwelling, that is the northern village.

## BLOW

You don't seem to like that fellow Smith.

No; do you?

Can't say I do. In fact, last time I met him he was talking a great deal and he struck me as an idiot.

You don't say so! I hope you hit him back.



A "crashing" adventure of The THREE MUSTARDEERS



But when the postman got along the road, he jumped into a waiting car. "Jingo," cried Roger, "that was an ordinary postman—and no ordinary parcel." They dashed back to Mr. Trent's and told their story.



Next he carried the parcel carefully down the garden, and ran back. One minute—two minutes—three, four—and just when the Three Mustardeers were beginning to feel foolish...



SAID JIM:

"That's just what's needed, as the man said when he dabbed the Mustard on his plate."



Mustard is the hero of most "inside" stories—every boy and girl should remember that. It helps to keep your tummy in good working order so that the villains of the piece (aches and pains) don't have a chance to get hold of you. What a bit of luck—ishn't it?—that meat is nicer with Mustard.

## COLMAN'S MUSTARD